

A man wearing a brown robe and a white turban is walking away from the viewer on a dirt path. The path is flanked by tall, golden-brown grass. In the background, a deep valley opens up, showing a winding road and a river, with steep, forested mountains rising on either side under a hazy sky.

THE WAY HOME

A Short Novel

Nabeel Mushtarrat

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ



Sama-O-Basr

لَوْجَهُ اَللّٰهُ لَا تُرِيدُ مِنْكُمْ جَزَاءً وَلَا شُكُورًا

Only for Allah's pleasure! We neither seek reward from you nor thanks.

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Table of contents

The Dawning of Doubt.....	2
The Dawning of Faith.....	5
From Doubt to Devotion.....	12
A Journey of Faith Begins	23
A Path of Questions and Clarity	28
A Turning Point for Tim	39
A Legacy of Love and Faith.....	44

The Dawning of Doubt

A Faithful Beginning

As the sun dipped low in the evening sky, it cast long, melancholic shadows across the timeworn suburban streets of Sydney. The air carried a weariness that mirrored the soul of David, a man in his early thirties, burdened by a lifetime of unanswered questions and doubts.

David had once been a devout Christian. His childhood was deeply rooted in the faith, nurtured within the comforting sanctuary of his local church. Sunday mornings were spent immersed in hymns and sermons, a source of solace and purpose for his younger self.

Those teachings, like a guiding light, had shaped his moral compass and instilled a sense of divine order in his life.

The Unravelling World

Yet, life has a way of testing even the strongest convictions. For David, these tests came in relentless waves. As he ventured into adulthood, the world began to unravel in ways that challenged his understanding. Television screens broadcast images of war, poverty, and human suffering, planting seeds of doubt in his once-firm beliefs.

Is there really a God? Is He just? These questions consumed him. How could a loving Creator allow such suffering to persist? The contrast between his faith and the reality around

him became an ever-deepening chasm. Yet, amidst his doubt, another paradox took hold: could all of existence truly be the product of random chance, devoid of purpose? These conflicting thoughts ensnared him in a labyrinth of confusion.

A House Divided

Adding to his turmoil was the chaos within his own home. The walls of his childhood sanctuary had become battlegrounds. His father, once a symbol of love and stability, had succumbed to alcoholism, turning their home into a war zone of anger and despair. The nights were filled with the sound of shattering glass and anguished cries, leaving scars on David's heart that were both physical and emotional.

The domestic conflict only deepened his spiritual disquiet. The harmony he once knew was gone, replaced by cacophony. His faith, already fragile, was further eroded by these relentless trials.

The Erosion of Belief

Adulthood brought further challenges as David struggled to reconcile the comforting faith of his youth with the harsh realities of the world. The cheerful hymns and sermons that once inspired hope now felt distant and hollow. Doubts seeped into his soul, taking root and spreading like weeds.

David's frustration grew as his existential questions remained unanswered. What purpose could there be in such suffering? Why did life seem so cruel and arbitrary? These thoughts haunted him day and night, casting a shadow over his

existence. The certainty of his childhood faith was now a faint echo, drowned out by the clamour of doubt.

Emptiness Within

Gradually, David drifted away from the church. His Bible, once a cherished companion, now gathered dust on a forgotten shelf. Outwardly, he maintained the facade of a content life, but inwardly, he was adrift. A profound emptiness gnawed at him, an ache for something he could not name.

On this particular evening, as the sun sank below the horizon, David's steps were heavy with the weight of his thoughts. The streets of Sydney, familiar yet distant, seemed to echo his inner turmoil. Little did he know, this path would lead to an encounter that would alter the course of his life forever.

The Dawning of Faith

An Unexpected Encounter

Amidst the hustle and bustle of Sydney's busy streets, David's steps led him to a place he had never noticed before – a humble dawah stall bearing the sign "Gain Peace." The modest setup stood out with its vibrant banners that read, "Discover Islam" and "Your Questions Answered." Curious passersby stopped to glance at the display of Qurans and pamphlets, while a small group of volunteers engaged warmly with anyone who approached.

David hesitated, unsure of what drew him toward the scene. He'd spent years disillusioned with religion, yet something about the warmth emanating from the group sparked a flicker of curiosity. Among the volunteers stood a man with a beaming smile, whose name tag read "Ahmed." As David edged closer, Ahmed's eyes lit up, and he extended a friendly greeting.

"Welcome, my brother," Ahmed said, holding out a copy of the Quran. "This is a gift for you. Please accept it."

David's instinct was to refuse. "I don't need any of this," he replied curtly, his tone sharp and defensive. But Ahmed's demeanor remained unshaken, his smile unwavering.

"That's alright," Ahmed said gently. "Sometimes, life takes us on unexpected paths. If you ever have questions or doubts,

know that we are here. Take this as a token. You never know when it might come in handy.”

Reluctantly, David took the Quran, his fingers tightening around the unfamiliar weight of the book. Deep down, he was certain it would end up on a shelf, gathering dust like his neglected Bible. A smirk played on his lips as he turned to Ahmed, his voice laced with mockery. “Why don’t you find something useful to do? Surely, there’s better work out there than standing at a stall wasting your weekends.”

Ahmed’s warm smile didn’t falter, though a flicker of sadness crossed his eyes. “We all have our callings, my friend,” he replied gently. As David walked away, his mocking laughter fading into the distance, Ahmed lowered his gaze and whispered a silent prayer, asking Allah to guide David’s heart and illuminate his path with truth.

Destiny’s Hand

Days turned into weeks, and the Quran remained untouched. David’s life carried on in its monotonous rhythm—work, home, and a restless search for meaning. One evening, a phone call interrupted the dull pattern. It was a job interview invitation, an opportunity he desperately needed.

“I have to make this work,” David told himself, determination pushing aside his doubts. On the day of the interview, he found himself nervously preparing, even briefly considering prayer. Yet, the barriers he had built around himself remained firm.

To his surprise, the interviewer turned out to be Ahmed, the same man from the dawah stall. Ahmed's professionalism was evident, showing no hint of recognition or judgment. After an engaging discussion, Ahmed concluded the interview with a smile.

"Please have the appointment letter prepared. We have found a candidate whose experience and skills meet the requirements of this job," Ahmed instructed his secretary. David was stunned. Despite their prior encounter, Ahmed had shown him nothing but fairness and respect.

An Invitation Extended

As David prepared to leave, Ahmed handed him a business card. "How about grabbing a coffee after work? Feel free to call me anytime," he said warmly.

That evening, David, driven by a mix of curiosity and guilt, dialled Ahmed's number. They agreed to meet in the evening over coffee.

As they sat in the small café, David couldn't help but voice his curiosity. "Why didn't you bring up the stall or what I said to you that day?"

Ahmed smiled gently, stirring his tea. "Because everyone is on their own journey, David. That moment wasn't about me—it was about planting a seed of search for the truth. And it seems that seed is beginning to grow."

David hesitated, then confessed, "I've been feeling... restless. Like something's missing."

Ahmed's eyes softened. "Sometimes, restlessness is a sign that the heart is searching for its Creator. Have you opened the Quran yet?"

David shook his head. "Not yet."

Ahmed reached across the table and placed a reassuring hand on David's. "When you're ready, it will be waiting for you. Take your time, but don't ignore what your heart is telling you."

Their conversation flowed easily, the warm aroma of coffee filling the air as Ahmed shared captivating stories about the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ. He spoke with reverence, painting vivid pictures of the Prophet's humility, wisdom, and boundless compassion. Each story seemed to carry a timeless relevance, demonstrating how the Prophet's actions and words transcended cultures and eras.

Ahmed's voice softened as he explained, "The Prophet Muhammad ﷺ taught us that faith is not just about rituals – it's about how we live, how we treat others, and how we seek justice and purpose in everything we do. Islam is a way of life, rooted in kindness, fairness, and a deep sense of accountability to our Creator."

David listened intently, his initial skepticism giving way to curiosity. The simplicity and depth of Ahmed's words resonated with him, leaving an impression he couldn't easily shake.

The conversation lingered in David's mind long after they

parted ways. Ahmed's words had stirred something within him—a curiosity that refused to be silenced.

A Seed of Curiosity

One evening, after yet another restless day filled with unanswered questions, David found himself drawn to a book on his bookshelf that he had long forgotten – the Quran. Almost reluctantly, he picked it up, brushing away the thin layer of dust that had settled on its cover. His fingers hesitated as he opened it for the first time, unsure of what he might find—or feel.

In the following weeks, David began exploring the Quran. What started as a hesitant flip through its pages became a nightly ritual. The book, once taken with indifference, began to exert an almost magnetic pull on his soul. One night, as he sat in his dimly lit living room, the silence around him was broken only by the faint rustle of turning pages.

A verse caught his eye: *“And We have certainly made the Quran easy to remember. So is there anyone who will be mindful?”* (Quran, 54:17). The words seemed to leap off the page, piercing the layers of doubt that had built up over the years. He felt as though the verse was addressing him directly, beckoning him to reflect and reconnect.

A flood of memories overwhelmed him—his childhood faith, the questions that had driven him away, and the emptiness he had felt since. Tears welled up in his eyes as he read on, the Quran speaking to the very core of his being. Each verse

seemed to unravel a knot in his heart, offering clarity, hope, and a sense of purpose he had long thought unattainable.

One night, overcome by emotion, he clutched the Quran to his chest and whispered, "If You are there, show me the way. I don't want to feel lost anymore." From that moment, the Quran was no longer just a book—it was a companion, a lifeline that began to guide him out of the darkness and toward the light.

Ahmed remained a supportive presence, patiently answering David's questions and guiding him without pressure. Through their conversations, David learned of the Prophet's teachings, including his advice on controlling anger, showing gratitude, and embracing trials as opportunities for growth.

Each revelation brought David closer to a truth he had not expected to find. The emptiness he had carried for so long began to dissipate, replaced by a sense of peace and purpose.

The Path Forward

The Quran Ahmed had given him now used to rest securely in his coat pocket. It no longer felt like a stranger's gift; it had become his constant companion—a source of solace that brought comfort even in the quiet moments of his wandering. David found himself reading it everywhere—while waiting for the bus, during quiet breaks at work, as the last thing he clutched in his hands before drifting to sleep, and the first thing he reached for when he woke. Its presence was no longer just comforting; it had become an essential part of his daily rhythm, grounding him in ways he hadn't thought possible.

The Way Home

Its presence was a reminder of the journey he had begun, a beacon of light guiding him through the shadows of his uncertainty. For the first time in years, David felt a glimmer of hope — a quiet, steady assurance that he was no longer lost. The streets that once seemed empty now carried a sense of purpose, as if every step was leading him closer to something greater.

Unbeknownst to him, this journey was only beginning. The path ahead would be filled with challenges, discoveries, and moments of profound transformation. But for now, David took comfort in the knowledge that he was no longer alone. The light of faith had begun to dawn, and it promised to guide him toward a peace he had thought unattainable.

From Doubt to Devotion

The Transformation Begins

As weeks turned into months, David's life underwent a profound transformation. He had begun to deeply internalize the teachings of the Quran and the wisdom of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ. What started as hesitant curiosity had evolved into a deep sense of conviction. The lessons he absorbed guided him in his daily life, reshaping his character and outlook.

At work, David's integrity shone brightly. Inspired by the Prophet's titles of As-Sadiq (the Truthful) and Al-Ameen (the Trustworthy), David made honesty and reliability the cornerstones of his professional conduct. His colleagues began to notice the change, praising his unwavering commitment to fairness and excellence.

Outside of work, David greeted everyone with a warm smile, recalling the Prophet's habit of spreading joy through simple acts of kindness. In quiet moments of reflection, he would often visit a nearby hill overlooking the city, a place where he felt a deep connection to something greater. As he stood there, gazing at the expanse of the skyline, he reflected on the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ's retreat to the cave of Hira from where the light of Quran started to spread.

David found solace in the transformative power of solitude and reflection. It was on this hill that he often felt a stirring of

inspiration and a growing sense of purpose, drawing strength from the teachings of the Prophet. Each day, his admiration and love for the Prophet grew stronger, filling a void he had carried for years and guiding him toward a life rooted in faith and reflection.

An Active Participant

One sunny Sunday morning, David found himself standing once more before the dawah stall. But this time, everything felt different. He was no longer just a hesitant onlooker, silently grappling with his doubts and questions. Today, a strong desire coursed through him—an earnest need to give back, to be part of something greater. With steady steps and a heart full of newfound purpose, he approached Ahmed and the team of volunteers.

“I want to help,” David said, his voice carrying an unfamiliar confidence. For a moment, the dawah team exchanged surprised glances. Then Ahmed’s face broke into a warm smile. “We’d be honored to have you, David,” he said, clapping a hand on his shoulder.

Ahmed handed him a stack of pamphlets and gestured toward the table. As David carefully arranged the leaflets and copies of the Quran, his hands moved with deliberate care, as if the task held a sacred significance. The world around him faded into the background; for the first time in years, he felt an overwhelming sense of belonging—like he was exactly where he was meant to be. This simple act of service marked the beginning of his active involvement in the mission to share the

message of Islam, a cause that now resonated deeply with his soul.

At the center of the stall stood a whiteboard, its blank surface seeming to wait for purpose. Usually, the volunteers would write “Gain Peace Through Islam” in bold letters—a phrase David had seen many times before. But today, seeing the empty board, he stepped forward. “Let me write it,” he offered, his voice steady but tinged with an undercurrent of emotion.

Ahmed nodded, handing him a marker. As David lifted it, he paused, staring at the board as a swirl of thoughts consumed him. The phrase he was about to write wasn’t just words anymore. It was alive—burning within him, transforming his perspective with every passing day. As the tip of the marker touched the board, his hand trembled slightly.

“Gain Peace Through Islam,” he wrote, each stroke deliberate and heavy with meaning. Memories flashed in his mind—the emptiness that had once defined him, the restless questions that had haunted him, and the tranquility that had slowly begun to take their place. For David, the phrase now represented something deeply personal: the peace he had glimpsed in Islam, the solace that was beginning to fill the void in his heart.

When he stepped back to admire his work, he felt a strange, almost overwhelming emotion—a mixture of gratitude, hope, and purpose. The act of writing, so simple on the surface, felt symbolic, as though he were not only sharing a message with

others but also solidifying a truth within himself. It was as if the board wasn't just reflecting the words; it was reflecting his own transformation.

Lessons in Unity

As the day progressed, David found himself captivated by the vibrant diversity of the dawah team. Men and women from different ethnicities and backgrounds worked together harmoniously, each fulfilling their roles with dedication and sincerity. Their unity in purpose transcended differences, embodying the Prophet's timeless teachings about equality and brotherhood. David felt a stirring in his chest, deeply inspired by their selflessness and the grace with which they carried out their mission.

He watched as they engaged with passersby, some curious, others skeptical. Each question was met with patience, every conversation a chance to bridge gaps and build understanding. For David, the scene was profoundly moving, a stark contrast to the divisive world he had grown so disillusioned with.

During one such interaction, a young woman hesitated before approaching the stall. Her voice, though tentative, carried a weight of genuine curiosity. "Why does God want us to pray to Him?" she asked, her brow furrowed as though she had carried the question for years.

The inquiry struck a chord deep within David. It was a question he had wrestled with countless times in his own journey—one that had kept him awake on restless nights,

searching for answers in the emptiness. He leaned forward slightly, unable to tear himself away from the exchange.

A volunteer, her demeanor calm and understanding, responded with thoughtful clarity. “Allah is not in need of our prayers; we need them,” she began, her voice steady and reassuring. “It connects us to our Creator, giving us strength, peace, and clarity. The One who designed us knows our needs better than we know ourselves. Prayer is a gift, a moment of gratitude and reflection that nourishes both the soul and the mind.”

David felt his breath catch as he listened. The simplicity of her words carried a profound wisdom, cutting through the noise of his doubts. It was as if she wasn’t just speaking to the young woman but to the aching void he had carried for so long.

He stood there, unmoving, as the answer settled in his heart. For the first time, he began to see prayer not as a mere ritual, but as a lifeline—a means of grounding oneself amidst the chaos, a way to find solace and purpose.

A lump formed in his throat, and he swallowed hard, blinking back an unexpected wave of emotion. The clarity of the moment was undeniable. David realized then that prayer wasn’t about what God needed—it was about what he needed. And in that realization, he found himself standing a little taller, a little lighter, as if a burden had begun to lift from his shoulders.

A Beacon of Hope

Over the weeks, David became an increasingly familiar presence at the dawah stall. Most of his questions had already been answered, leaving him with a clarity that brought both comfort and anticipation. Although he had not yet embraced Islam, he felt drawn to its principles and teachings. His journey was no longer about seeking answers but about finding the courage to take the next step. Helping at the stall gave him a sense of purpose he hadn't experienced in a long time, a feeling of being part of something meaningful and impactful.

One day, an elderly gentleman approached the stall, his skepticism etched deeply into his furrowed brow. His gait was slow but deliberate, and his sharp gaze swept over the team before he spoke. "What's the point of all this?" he asked, his voice tinged with disdain. "Islam claims to be about peace, yet what about the wars and violence in its history? And your Prophet Muhammad ﷺ—what kind of man was he really?" His words were pointed, laced with hostility, and a hush fell over the stall as the dawah team exchanged uncertain glances.

David stepped forward, his expression calm yet reflective. "I used to have the same doubts," he began, his voice steady but filled with empathy. "I questioned everything—God, faith, and even the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ. But the more I learned, the more I came to see the Prophet's life as a testament to wisdom, humility, and compassion. His teachings aren't bound by time—they're a guide for anyone seeking truth."

The man's scowl faltered, his eyes narrowing as though he were trying to discern the sincerity in David's words. David

seized the moment, his tone softening but carrying a quiet conviction. "The Prophet taught us to care for the poor, to treat women with respect, to show mercy even to those who wrong us. He faced hatred and hardship, yet he responded with patience and kindness. For me, learning about his life is about understanding what it means to live with integrity and purpose."

The man's posture slackened slightly, and the edge in his expression dulled. David reached for a pamphlet and gently extended it toward him. "Please," he said, his voice earnest. "Read this with an open mind. If you have questions, we're here to help. Sometimes, understanding begins with just one step."

The man hesitated, his hand wavering before finally accepting the pamphlet. The dawah team watched in silence, their admiration for David evident in their eyes. The elderly gentleman gave a small nod, his demeanor softer now, and walked away without another word.

As David turned back to the team, Ahmed placed a hand on his shoulder, his voice low but encouraging. "You spoke from the heart, and it made all the difference." David glanced toward the retreating figure of the man, a quiet hope stirring within him. Though his own journey was still unfolding, he realized that his experiences and struggles could serve as a bridge for others, turning doubt into understanding and hostility into hope.

A Growing Love

David's love for the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ deepened with each passing day, becoming a source of light that guided him through life's complexities. He marveled at how the Prophet's teachings addressed every facet of existence with wisdom, compassion, and practicality. These teachings were not abstract concepts; they were a living example of how to navigate the struggles and joys of the human experience.

Whenever David faced challenges, he instinctively turned to the Prophet's example for guidance. One evening, as David walked home after a long day, he noticed a neighbor angrily confronting a delivery driver outside their building. The argument grew heated, and David could see the young driver's face flush with discomfort and humiliation. His uniform was wrinkled, his posture stooped slightly, as though the weight of the day had already crushed him before this confrontation. David felt his chest tighten, not just with frustration at his neighbor's behavior, but with compassion for the driver, who seemed powerless to defend himself. In his mind, he recalled the character of the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, who never left the weaker members of the community alone, always standing for their rights and ensuring their dignity was upheld.

Taking a deep breath, David approached calmly and gently placed a hand on his neighbor's shoulder. "Is everything alright here?" he asked, his voice steady but filled with concern. His neighbor turned toward him, still agitated, but David's composed demeanor seemed to interrupt the escalation. "He's just trying to do his job," David said softly,

glancing at the driver with an encouraging nod. "Let's take a moment to talk this through calmly. We all have tough days."

The neighbor hesitated, his anger beginning to dissipate under David's gentle but firm presence. The young delivery driver looked at David with a mixture of surprise and gratitude, his hands trembling slightly as he held the package. "Thank you, sir," he murmured quietly, his voice barely audible.

By the end of the conversation, the tension had eased. The neighbor offered a quiet apology to the driver, who walked away with his head held a little higher. As the young man got into his van, he turned back to David and said, "I'm truly grateful to you. You stood by me and protected me when I needed it most. Thank you."

Walking away, David felt a deep sense of fulfillment, knowing he had acted in a way that aligned with the Prophet's teachings. It wasn't just about diffusing an argument; it was about standing up for someone in a moment of vulnerability, embodying the values of patience, compassion, and justice that he had come to hold dear. That moment stayed with him, a reminder that the true essence of faith was in action — showing mercy to others and upholding their dignity.

An Invitation of Faith

Ahmed, who had been a steadfast mentor and a quiet observer of David's journey, noticed the profound transformation in him. One evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon and the last visitors left the dawah stall, Ahmed turned to David

with an expression that blended pride and tenderness.

“David,” Ahmed began, his voice carrying a warmth that immediately disarmed any lingering doubts. “You’ve been with us for some time now. Your love for the Prophet and your dedication to this mission are clear to everyone here. I have to ask—would you consider formalizing the faith that has already taken root in your heart?”

The question hung in the air, heavy with meaning. David froze, the words striking a chord so deep it was as though Ahmed had voiced the thoughts that had been quietly echoing in his own mind. His heart thudded in his chest, and a lump formed in his throat.

His voice trembled slightly as he responded. “I’ve felt this coming,” David admitted, his eyes welling up with emotion. “For months now, I’ve been thinking about it—about how much peace I’ve found in this journey. And I believe I’m ready.”

Ahmed’s face broke into a radiant smile, his own eyes glistening with unshed tears. “Allahu Akbar,” he whispered, his voice filled with reverence. “This is a beautiful moment, David. When you’re ready, let me know. It would be my honor to stand by your side as you take this step.”

For a moment, they stood in silence, the weight of the moment pressing on them both. David nodded, a mixture of anticipation and serenity washing over him. His mind raced with memories—of the questions that had once consumed

him, the quiet nights spent with the Quran, the calm assurance he now carried in his heart.

As he looked out at the horizon, painted in hues of amber and crimson, David felt something he hadn't experienced in years: a profound, unshakable peace. His journey from doubt to devotion had been long and at times painful, but in this moment, he knew it had all been worth it. The path ahead was clear, and for the first time, he felt ready to embrace it — not as someone seeking, but as someone who had finally found what he was looking for.

A Journey of Faith Begins

Contemplation on a Pivotal Moment

The decision to formalize his faith had already settled in David's heart, yet the magnitude of the moment loomed large in his mind. As he walked the familiar streets of Sydney that evening, the city seemed quieter, the air heavy with anticipation. The dawah stall had become more than just a place of learning—it had been the first step toward a life he never imagined possible. The companionship, the wisdom, the gradual unfolding of truth—all of it had brought him to this threshold.

Memories of his journey swirled in his mind: the nights spent reading the Quran, the verses that had soothed his heart, and Ahmed's steadfast guidance. He had arrived at this moment not with haste, but with careful reflection, and now he felt ready to take the final step.

The Shahada: A Declaration of Faith

The day of his Shahada fell on a Friday, the blessed day of Jumuah. The masjid was alive with the vibrant energy of congregants gathering for the weekly prayers. David sat in the back, listening intently to the khutbah, his heart swelling as the Imam spoke about the mercy of Allah and the transformative power of faith. The words felt like they were meant for him, perfectly aligning with the journey that had brought him here.

After the Jum'ah salah, Ahmed stood beside David, his face radiating pride and encouragement. The Imam addressed the congregation, announcing that a brother was ready to embrace Islam. A wave of excitement rippled through the crowd as all eyes turned toward David.

Ahmed placed a reassuring hand on David's shoulder. "This is your moment," he whispered. David nodded, his emotions a mixture of nervousness and deep serenity. He stepped forward, his voice trembling slightly as he repeated the words of the Shahada after the Imam: "*Ashhadu an la ilaha illallah, wa ashhadu anna Muhammadan abduhu wa rasuluh.*"

As the final syllables left his lips, the masjid erupted with a thunderous "*Allahu Akbar!*" The sound reverberated through the prayer hall, wrapping David in a cocoon of warmth and acceptance. Tears streamed down his face, but he made no attempt to wipe them away. This time, they were tears of joy, not despair—tears that carried years of searching and questioning, now replaced with clarity and peace.

One by one, members of the congregation approached David, embracing him with genuine affection. Each hug carried words of welcome—"You are our brother now," "May Allah bless you," "We are here for you." David's heart swelled with a sense of belonging he had never known. These weren't just words; they were an unspoken pledge of support and unity. The brotherhood he witnessed and felt was unlike anything he had ever experienced.

Ahmed pulled him into a tight embrace, his voice thick with

emotion. "Welcome to Islam, my brother. This is the start of something beautiful. You are never alone."

A New Beginning

As they stepped outside into the golden afternoon sunlight, the air felt different – lighter, imbued with a sense of renewal. Ahmed, sensing the depth of David's knowledge and journey so far, handed him a set of books and a digital prayer mat.

"These aren't just guides," Ahmed said with a smile. "The books will help you deepen your understanding of Islamic teachings, while the prayer mat is a tool to help you learn and perfect your salah. You've already delved into the Quran and the teachings of the Prophet ﷺ. These will help you connect even further and integrate what you've learned into your daily practice."

David accepted this inspiring gift with gratitude, its title gleaming under the sunlight. He glanced at Ahmed, his smile full of hope. The path ahead would undoubtedly bring challenges, but he no longer felt alone. His heart was no longer heavy with doubt but filled with hope and a newfound purpose. The journey from darkness to light had been arduous, but every step had been worth it. And now, with faith as his anchor, David was ready to live out this new chapter of his life with conviction and devotion.

A Journey of Learning and Growth

In the days that followed, David immersed himself in learning about his new faith with a fervor that surprised even himself. Ahmed introduced him to a network of supportive brothers

and sisters, including other reverts who warmly shared their own journeys. They understood the challenges, joys, and adjustments that came with such a transformative decision, and their stories became a source of solace and inspiration for David.

He began attending classes at the local masjid, where patient teachers guided him through the basics of prayer, fasting, and Islamic etiquette. Each lesson felt like another piece of a puzzle falling into place, revealing a life rooted in purpose and clarity. The community welcomed him with open arms, their warmth and generosity a constant reminder of the beauty of faith. From shared meals to heartfelt conversations, their unity and dedication mirrored the teachings of the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ in every interaction.

At the same time, David's role at the dawah stall began to evolve. What had once been a sanctuary of learning and discovery for him was now a platform where he could inspire others. He had become a beacon of hope for those grappling with the same questions he had faced. Visitors were drawn to his sincerity, and when he shared his story, it resonated deeply, offering them a glimpse of the peace he had found.

Each day brought new opportunities to learn, grow, and give back. David's heart swelled with gratitude, knowing he was part of something far greater than himself—a community bound by faith, compassion, and the timeless wisdom of the Prophet. The journey ahead was still long, but with every step, David felt more anchored, more fulfilled, and more at peace.

than ever before.

David's journey of faith was just beginning, but already it was filled with purpose and meaning. The road ahead promised challenges and growth, but he felt ready to face them. With the Quran in his hand and the Prophet's teachings in his heart, David walked forward, confident in the knowledge that he was no longer alone. He had found his way, and it was a path illuminated by the light of faith.

A Path of Questions and Clarity

The Dawah Stall Evolves

Over the months, the dawah stall started to transform into a vibrant hub for individuals seeking answers, guidance, or simply a friendly conversation. Visitors from all walks of life started approaching the stall, their questions reflecting diverse perspectives and curiosities. Recognizing the linguistic diversity of their audience, David, who had become an integral part of the team, suggested expanding the range of translations available. "We should have materials in languages like Mandarin Chinese, Hindi, and Spanish," he proposed one day during a team meeting. "Sydney is so diverse—imagine the impact we could have if we spoke directly to people in their native tongues."

The team embraced his idea wholeheartedly, and soon pamphlets were translated into six different languages. David's suggestion also led to the inclusion of Quran translations in Mandarin Chinese, Hindi, Spanish, and French, which were prominently displayed at the stall. On several occasions, visitors expressed gratitude for finding materials they could truly connect with. "This makes me feel seen," one visitor remarked while picking up a pamphlet in her native language.

The impact of these changes was profound. The stall began to attract a broader audience, creating opportunities for

conversations that might never have happened otherwise. People who had hesitated to approach before now felt welcome and valued. The dawah stall had become more than just a place to share the message of Islam; it was a beacon of inclusivity and understanding, fostering meaningful connections in the bustling heart of Sydney. For David, the transformation was deeply fulfilling. Watching the stall evolve to better serve the community was a testament to the power of small, thoughtful changes in bridging divides and building unity.

A Challenging Visitor

On a bright Saturday morning, David arrived at the Dawah stall a little earlier than usual, his heart eager to engage with visitors who often brought fresh perspectives and stories. The warmth of the day mirrored his optimism, but mid-morning, that optimism was tested when a muscular man with a thick mustache named Tim approached the stall. Tattoos adorned his arms, and his leather clothing added to his imposing presence. Without warning, Tim pointed his finger towards a South Asian brother on the stall and shouted, "Go back to where you came from!" His voice boomed, and his words were steeped in hostility.

David froze for a moment, caught off guard. It was his first encounter with such overt Islamophobia, and the tension in the air was palpable. Turning to Ahmed, he asked in a low voice, "Does this happen often?" Ahmed, ever composed and steady, replied calmly, "Not too often, but it does happen. We

deal with it calmly. The message we carry is far more powerful than their anger.”

Despite Ahmed’s reassurance, something stirred within David—a mix of resolve and a deep sense of responsibility to address the situation directly. Taking a steadying breath, he stepped forward and spoke, his voice firm but laced with a quiet emotion that underscored his sincerity. “We are all Australians,” he began, locking eyes with Tim, unflinching. “I am a fifth-generation white Australian, and many of my brothers and sisters standing here come from families who have contributed significantly to this nation. Brother Ahmed’s great-grandparents came here as cameleers, laying down the foundations on which modern Australia now stands.”

David’s voice grew more impassioned as he gestured toward the man Tim had pointed at earlier. “The man you just singled out and told to go back to where he came from—he was born here. Australia is as much his as it is any other Australian’s. He’s an engineer who works tirelessly to improve our infrastructure, contributing to the very roads and buildings we all use every day. Muslims have been an integral part of Australia for centuries, long before white Australians even arrived. They had close linkages with the Aboriginal culture, and together, they have shaped this country’s story. Muslims have been contributing to Australia’s economy, its culture, and its progress for generations.”

Tim’s eyes flickered with a mixture of surprise and unease. The conviction in David’s words, the undeniable truth behind

them, seemed to strike a chord. For a moment, the hostility etched into his expression wavered, replaced by something softer — uncertainty, perhaps even reflection. His voice, which had been so sharp moments ago, softened slightly as he asked, “Why do you care so much?”

An Invitation to Learn

David saw his chance and seized it with care, his heart pounding but his voice steady. “Because understanding each other is the only way forward,” he said, his tone sincere and unwavering. His words carried a quiet conviction, each one deliberate, as though he was speaking not just to Tim, but to the prejudice and misunderstandings that had long fueled such encounters. “Hatred and division only thrive in ignorance. If you’re willing, I’d like to invite you to visit our masjid during the open day next weekend. It’s a chance to see who we really are—beyond the stereotypes, beyond the headlines. Meet us, talk to us, and decide for yourself.”

Tim hesitated, his posture rigid, as if unsure whether to retreat or engage. But his eyes betrayed a faint glimmer of curiosity, a crack in the wall of his defiance. He looked at David for a long moment, as though trying to gauge the sincerity behind his words. Finally, he nodded slowly, his tone less confrontational than before. “Maybe,” he muttered, almost under his breath. Without another word, he turned and walked away, the heavy echo of his boots fading into the distance.

As David watched Tim disappear, a mix of emotions welled up within him—hope, relief, and an unexpected ache of

empathy. He silently prayed for Tim, the words forming in his heart with an intensity that surprised him. *O Allah, guide him. Soften his heart and help him see the beauty of truth.* He prayed that this brief encounter had planted a seed of understanding, however small, and that it would one day blossom into something far greater.

The moment lingered with David, etched into his memory as a testament to the power of calm conviction and the potential to transform hostility into dialogue. As the morning sunlight bathed the stall in a gentle glow, he felt an overwhelming sense of purpose—a reminder that every step toward understanding, no matter how small, could ripple outward in ways he might never fully see.

A Visit to the Masjid

The day of the masjid open day arrived, and to David's surprise, Tim showed up. His demeanor was noticeably calmer, though traces of skepticism lingered in his eyes. As he stepped onto the masjid premises, he was greeted warmly by volunteers, their smiles genuine and welcoming. The atmosphere buzzed with energy and warmth. Food stalls lined the courtyard, offering an array of cuisines—Aboriginal, Subcontinental, Middle Eastern, Malay, African, Turkish, and European—reflecting the beautifully diverse fabric of the Muslim community.

The Gain Peace team had thoughtfully organized guided tours for visitors, ensuring an engaging and informative experience. David and Ayesha led one such tour together, their combined

perspectives creating a unique dynamic. David, with his relatable journey as a revert, brought a heartfelt sincerity to his explanations, while Ayesha, poised and eloquent, enriched the tour with her deep knowledge and passion for her faith. They began by explaining the masjid's purpose as a place of worship, community, and reflection. Walking through the corridors, Ayesha shared captivating stories about the significant contributions Muslims had made to Australia's development. Her words, filled with historical insights and surprising facts, left Tim intrigued. He found himself confronted with a version of history he had never been taught—one where Muslims were builders, innovators, and partners in Australia's growth.

At one point during the tour, Tim's gaze lingered on Ayesha, who wore a hijab with grace and confidence. His initial reaction was dismissive—he assumed she was just "another oppressed Muslim woman forced to cover herself." But as the tour progressed, Ayesha spoke with calm conviction about her own journey, her work, and her faith. She shared that she was a medical researcher with over 30 published papers in esteemed journals, dedicating her career to improving public health. Her humility and unwavering dedication shattered Tim's assumptions. Here was a woman who was not only empowered but thriving, her choice to wear the hijab a reflection of her faith and self-expression rather than oppression.

Tim's shock was evident as he listened, his preconceived notions unraveling one by one. The more he observed and

interacted, the more he realized how little he truly knew about the people and the faith he had judged so harshly. The open day was not just an event; for Tim, it was the beginning of a profound shift in perspective.

Discovering the Prayer Hall

As the group entered the masjid's prayer hall, Tim was immediately struck by its simplicity. The open space seemed to carry a quiet serenity that felt almost otherworldly. His eyes darted around the room, expecting to see grand statues or ornate images of Allah and Muhammad, which he assumed would be central to worship. When he found none, his puzzlement grew, and he finally broke the silence. "Where are the figures you worship?" he asked, his tone a mix of confusion and curiosity.

David smiled gently, sensing the sincerity behind Tim's question. "We don't worship statues or images," he explained, his voice calm yet filled with conviction. "Islam teaches that God is beyond human representation. To create a physical likeness of Allah would limit Him, reducing the infinite to something finite. He is not bound by form, shape, or any attributes that our minds can imagine. He is All-Encompassing, and His closeness to us is not through images but through His presence in our hearts and lives." David paused, allowing the words to sink in, as a quiet reverence seemed to fill the air.

Ayesha stepped in, her voice warm and steady. "Statues and idols are powerless. They cannot see, hear, or help anyone. To

worship them would be to turn away from the One who created us all, the One who sustains everything in existence. The Quran reminds us, 'To Allah belong the East and the West; wherever you turn, there is the Face of Allah' (Quran, 2:115). Our worship is directed solely to Him, the Creator who is always with us, so close to us that He is even able to hear our those whispers that no one else can, and knows even that what we conceal in the depths of our hearts." Her words, spoken with a quiet intensity, seemed to resonate deeply with Tim, who was now listening with an uncharacteristic attentiveness.

David continued, "As for Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, we honor him as a messenger and the final prophet, but we do not worship him. He himself warned against elevating him to a divine status. He was a servant of Allah, dedicated to guiding humanity toward the worship of the One true God. Statues or images could never capture his legacy or his teachings—they would only reduce the profound message he brought to something material and incomplete."

Tim listened intently, his skepticism gradually giving way to interest.

It was now time to demonstrate to the visitors how Muslims perform their prayers. A volunteer stepped forward and began to pray. As the group observed a demonstration of the prayer, David and Ayesha took the opportunity to explain each step. David began with the purification of wudu, describing how it symbolized not only physical cleanliness but also spiritual preparation. Moving on to the takbir, David explained, "When

we raise our hands and say ‘Allahu Akbar,’ we are affirming that Allah is greater than everything – greater than our fears, our desires, and the distractions of this world.”

Ayesha described the standing position, where worshippers recite verses from the Quran, as a moment of reflection and connection with Allah’s words. “This is when we remind ourselves of His guidance and mercy,” she added. As they moved to the bowing position, David explained, “Ruku is a gesture of humility, showing our reverence for Allah.”

Finally, as they observed the prostration, Ayesha’s voice softened with emotion. “Sujood is the closest a person can be to their Creator. With our foreheads on the ground, we acknowledge our dependence on Him and express our deepest gratitude and submission. It’s not just a physical act—it’s a moment of profound spiritual connection.”

The prayer concluded with the Salam. As the volunteer demonstrating the prayer turned his head to the right and then to the left, David explained, "The Salam means peace. At the end of each prayer, Muslims remind themselves of their mission to spread peace—in their own lives and in the lives of others."

Tim nodded slowly, absorbing the explanations. For the first time, he began to see the depth and meaning behind what he had once dismissed. The simplicity of the hall, the profound symbolism of the prayer, and the sincerity in David and Ayesha’s words combined to leave a lasting impression on him.

The Call to Prayer

The tour concluded with a live call to prayer for prayer. The melodious recitation of the adhan moved many in the group, including Tim. Ayesha explained the meaning of the Arabic words:

Allah is the Greatest.

I bear witness that there is no deity but Allah.

I bear witness that Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah.

Come to prayer.

Come to success.

Tim, visibly moved, whispered, "It's truly beautiful!"

A New Understanding

As the day ended, Tim approached David, his earlier hostility replaced with a quiet respect. "I never imagined this is what Islam truly is," he admitted. "Thank you for inviting me. I still have questions, but I'm starting to see things differently."

David placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "Questions are good. They're the doorways to understanding. Join us at the dawah stall anytime, and we'll continue the conversation."

Tim nodded, a small smile forming on his lips. As he left the masjid, the weight of his prejudice seemed to lighten, replaced by a growing curiosity about the faith he had once dismissed.

A Glimmer of Hope

David watched Tim walk away, his heart filled with hope. This encounter had reaffirmed his belief in the power of patience, kindness, and dialogue. The journey to understanding was often slow, but each step forward was a victory. As the sun set over Sydney, David felt a profound sense of gratitude for the path he had chosen and the opportunities it brought to bridge divides and spread Salam, in his life as well as that of others.

A Turning Point for Tim

The Return to the Dawah Stall

A week after the masjid open day, Tim found himself standing once again before the dawah stall. This time, his expression was not one of anger but quiet contemplation. The transformation in his demeanor was apparent, and David noticed it immediately.

“Welcome back, Tim,” David greeted him warmly. “It’s good to see you.”

Tim hesitated before responding. “I’ve been thinking a lot since the masjid visit,” he admitted. “There’s so much I didn’t know, so much I misunderstood.”

David nodded encouragingly. “It’s never too late to learn. What’s on your mind?”

Tim sighed. “Everything I saw and heard that day made me question the assumptions I’ve held for years. I want to understand more, but I don’t even know where to start.”

David handed him a booklet titled *A Brief Illustrated Guide to Understanding ISLAM* and said, “This is a good place to begin. And if you have questions, we’re always here.”

A Gradual Opening of the Heart

Tim began visiting the dawah stall regularly. Each time, he brought new questions, and each time, David, Ahmed, and the

team patiently provided answers. They explained the core beliefs of Islam – the oneness of God, the role of prophets, and the purpose of life. They shared stories from the life of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, highlighting his justice, compassion, integrity, and humility.

Tim was particularly struck by the concept of accountability and the emphasis Islam placed on inner transformation. “It’s not just about rituals,” he said one day. “It’s about living with purpose and integrity.”

David smiled. “Exactly. Islam is a way of life, guiding us in every aspect – from how we treat others to how we seek inner peace.”

Facing Inner Struggles

As Tim delved deeper, he also faced internal conflicts. He grappled with his past prejudices and the guilt of having harbored such hatred. During one conversation, he confessed to David, “I’m ashamed of the way I treated you and your team that first day. I can’t believe how blind I was.”

David placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. “What matters is the journey you’re on now. Every step toward understanding is a victory. None of us are defined by our past mistakes but by how we choose to move forward.”

Tim nodded, visibly moved by David’s forgiveness and empathy. It was a turning point for him, solidifying his resolve to learn and grow.

The First Prayer

One evening, after weeks of studying and asking questions, Tim approached David with a request. "Can you teach me how to pray?" he asked hesitantly. "I've been reading about it, but I want to do it properly."

David's face lit up with joy. "Of course! Let's go through it step by step."

In the quiet of the masjid's prayer area, David demonstrated each part of the prayer, explaining the meanings behind the actions and words. Tim followed along, his movements tentative but sincere.

When they finished, Tim sat quietly for a moment, a look of deep reflection on his face. "I've never felt anything like this before," he said softly. "It's like a weight has been lifted."

David smiled. "That's the beauty of connecting with your Creator. Prayer is not just an obligation; it's a source of peace and strength."

A Life-Changing Decision

The following week, Tim returned to the dawah stall with a determined look. He found David and Ahmed discussing plans for an upcoming event.

"David, Ahmed," Tim began, his voice steady, "I've thought long and hard about this. I want to take the Shahada. I want to embrace Islam. I want to be like you. I want to be a Muslim!"

Ahmed's face softened into a thoughtful expression. "What

can be better news than this, Tim,” he said, his voice brimming with happiness. “Let’s make this a moment to remember.”

David, his eyes shining with emotion, said, “Are you sure, Tim? This is a big step.”

Tim nodded firmly. “I’ve never been more certain of anything in my life. Islam has given me answers I’ve been searching for, and I want to live by its teachings.”

The Shahada

A small crowd gathered around the stall as Tim prepared to declare his faith. With Ahmed and David by his side, he recited the Shahada:

“Ashhadu an la ilaha illallah, wa ashadu anna Muhammadan abduhu wa rasuluh.”

As Tim completed the declaration, his voice steady despite the emotions welling up inside him, Ahmed placed a hand over his heart, his eyes glistening with pride. “This is a moment of rebirth, Tim. From this day forward, you’re walking a path of light, purpose, and peace. May Allah guide and bless you on every step of this journey.”

The onlookers erupted in joyful takbirs of “Allahu Akbar!” Their cheers filled the air as they embraced their new brother with genuine warmth and uncontainable joy. Those whom Tim had once shouted at and pointed fingers toward were now hugging him as their brother, their prayers spilling from their lips for his success and happiness in this world and the next. It was a moment that exemplified the transformative power of

Islam — how love for the faith could erase barriers and dissolve hatred in the face of unity.

David stepped forward and hugged Tim tightly, his voice thick with emotion. “Welcome to Islam, Tim. Your courage and your journey inspire us all. You’re part of our family now.”

Tim’s eyes shimmered with unshed tears as he looked around at the sea of welcoming faces. For the first time in a long while, he felt a profound sense of belonging, a warmth that filled the void he hadn’t even realized was there.

A New Path

Tim’s life took on a new sense of purpose. He began attending classes at the masjid along with David, learning about prayer, fasting, and the pillars of Islam. He joined the dawah team, sharing his story with others who were curious about the faith.

One day, he turned to David and said, “If someone had told me a year ago that I’d be here, I wouldn’t have believed them. But now, I can’t imagine being anywhere else.”

David smiled. “That’s the beauty of guidance. It comes when we least expect it but when we need it the most.”

As Tim embraced his new life, he carried with him the lessons of his journey — lessons of humility, forgiveness, and the transformative power of faith. Together with David and the dawah team, he worked to spread the message of peace, embodying the teachings that had changed his life forever.

A Legacy of Love and Faith

The Start of a Story

“Grandpa,” little Omar began, his eyes wide with curiosity as he looked at the old man whose white beard seemed to carry the weight of wisdom and years of faith. The stick in David’s hand and the determination still glowing in his eyes made Omar pause in admiration. Beside Omar sat his younger sister Zainab and twin cousins Talha and Maryam, all of them eagerly leaning in as the story unfolded. “Is this how you met Uncle Tim? Did Uncle Tim really shout at you once? He is so soft-spoken; I can’t imagine this.”

David chuckled, exchanging a knowing glance with Tim, who was sitting nearby, adjusting his glasses with a sheepish grin. “Yes, Omar, that’s true. Your uncle Tim wasn’t very happy when we first met. But sometimes, the hardest moments lead to the most beautiful journeys.”

Tim leaned forward, his voice warm and reflective. “Your grandfather didn’t let my anger scare him away. Instead, he showed me kindness and patience, even when I didn’t deserve it. That changed everything. Had he not done that, I would have been a very different Uncle Tim from who you see here today.”

Grandpa’s Aa’ish

Zainab tilted her head curiously, her brows knitting in

thought. "What about Ayesha? You mentioned her in your story when Uncle Tim came to visit the masjid. What's her story? Where is she now, Grandpa?"

David's face softened with a smile as he turned toward the kitchen. "Aa'ish! The kids are asking about you!" he called, his voice laced with warmth.

There was a pause, followed by the faint sound of approaching footsteps. The children exchanged curious glances, their anticipation growing. Suddenly, Ayesha appeared in the doorway, her warm smile lighting up the room like sunlight breaking through clouds. Zainab gasped, her eyes wide with wonder. "Grandma! Is that really you?" she exclaimed.

Maryam's jaw dropped slightly, and she asked with amazement, "Isn't your name Aa'ish, Grandma? Are you really the Ayesha from Grandpa's story?"

Ayesha stepped closer, her laughter soft and melodic. "Yes, my little explorers. I am the Ayesha from your Grandpa's story," she said with a twinkle in her eye, "and I am his Aa'ish."

Maryam, her voice filled with awe, asked, "Grandpa always calls you 'Aa'ish.' What does it mean, Grandma?"

Before Ayesha could answer, David interjected, his tone soft and affectionate. "Yes, my dear. Her name is Ayesha, but I call her Aa'ish, which means 'a beautiful life.' And that's exactly what she's been for me – a beautiful life."

The children beamed, their admiration evident in their glowing faces, as Ayesha knelt down to their level, her gaze full of love. "And you know what?" she said, placing a gentle hand on Maryam's shoulder. "Having all of you in our lives has made that beautiful life even more precious."

Maryam asked curiously, "Grandma, did you stand at the dawah stall too?"

Ayesha smiled, her eyes glistening as she placed a gentle hand on Maryam's shoulder. "Yes, my dear. Your grandfather and I worked together, sharing what we believed with kindness and love. And seeing you all here today reminds me of why we started in the first place."

Imam Ahmed's Journey

David leaned back, his voice taking on a reflective tone. "Do you remember Imam Ahmed, the scholar who leads prayers at the masjid?" he asked the children.

Omar's eyes widened. "You mean the one who recites so beautifully?"

David nodded. "That's him. But before he became an Imam, he was simply Ahmed, a brother who spent his weekends standing at the dawah stall, answering questions and sharing the message of Islam. He was always inspired by the love and teachings of the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, who taught us that every interaction is an opportunity to spread kindness and truth. Ahmed took that lesson to heart. After years of devotion, he found an opportunity to study at the University of

Madinah. That was a turning point in his life. He left Australia and went there to become a fulltime student of knowledge.”

“What did he do when he came back?” Talha asked, his eyes sparkling with curiosity.

“He became a great scholar and brought his knowledge home,” David replied, his voice brimming with pride. “He taught hundreds of people and became a beacon of guidance for our community. His dedication to spreading knowledge and uplifting others has never wavered. Even now, he continues to teach various classes and courses for Gain Peace and iCAN, nurturing a new generation of learners. But what’s truly remarkable is that he never forgot his roots – where it all began. He still visits the Gain Peace dawah stall, standing side by side with volunteers, inspiring others just as he inspired me.”

Tim, who had been listening intently, leaned forward and added, his tone thoughtful and earnest, “The question now, my children, is that there are still Tims out there in Sydney – people searching, questioning, or even resisting. They need more Ahmeds, more Davids, and more Ayeshas to bring them to the light, to the guidance, to the beautiful way of living called Islam. That’s where all of you come in.”

A Visit to the Dawah Stall

That weekend, David and Ayesha decided to take their grandchildren to the dawah stall. As they approached, the familiar sight of Imam Ahmed greeted them, his face lighting up as he saw them arrive.

“David! Ayesha! And my favorite bunch of young ones,” he said, kneeling to greet the children. “Did you know your grandfather was one of the most dedicated volunteers we’ve ever had at this dawah stall?”

The children beamed with pride. Omar replied confidently, “Yes, Shaykh! He’s told us about his story. All four of us are determined to be the next Imam Ahmed, Tim, David, and Ayesha. We want to take part in dawah too.”

Imam Ahmed’s eyes glistened as he stood and placed a hand on Omar’s head. “MashaAllah! The Prophet Muhammad ﷺ said, ‘Convey from me, even if it is one verse.’ You, my dear children, are the future torchbearers of this message. May Allah guide you and bless you in this noble path.”

As David and Ayesha stood back, watching their grandchildren interact with the next generation of dawah volunteers, their hearts swelled with gratitude. Their journey, their struggles, and their triumphs had led to this moment – a legacy of love and faith passed down to the next generation.

وَاللّٰهُ لَآنُ يَهْدِيَّ اللّٰهُ بِكَ رَجُلًا وَاحِدًا خَيْرٌ لَّكَ مِنْ
أَنْ يَكُونَ لَكَ حُمْرُ النَّعَمِ

By Allah, if one man is guided on the right path (i.e. converted to Islam) through you, it would be better for you than (a great number of) red camels.

(Sahih al-Bukhari 3701)



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